THE ENGLISH REPLICAS

*

JOHN DONNE

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THE FIRST AND SECOND ANNIVERSARIES

1621

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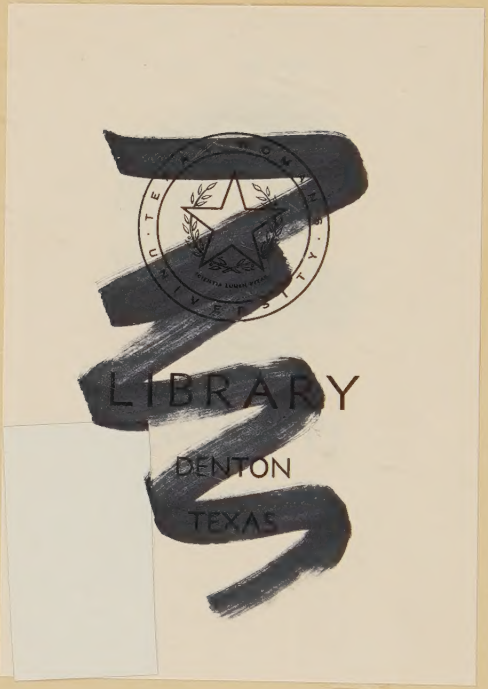
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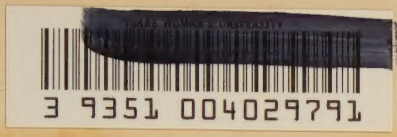

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THE ENGLISH REPLICAS
JOHN DONNE · THE FIRST AND SECOND ANNIVERSARIES

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The First Anniuersarie.

AN ANATOMIE of the World.

Wherein,

BY OCCASION OF

the vntimely death of Mistris

ELIZABETH DRVRY,

the frailtie and the decay of this whole World is represented.

By John Donne.

LONDON,

Printed by *A. Mathewes* for *Tho: Dewe*, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint *Dunstons* Churchyard in Fleetestreete. 1621.

TO THE PRAISE of the Dead, and the ANATOMY.

VVEll dy'de the World, that we might liue to see
This World of wit, in his Anatomee:
No euill wants his good: so wilder heyres;
Bedew their Fathers Toombs, with forced teares,

Whoſe ſtate requites their loſſe:
whiles thus we gaine
Well may we walke in blacks, but
not complaine.
Yet how can I conſent the world is
dead
While this Muſe liues? which in his
ſpirits ſtead
Seemes to informe a world: and
bids it bee,
In ſpight of loſſe, or fraile mortali-
tee?
And thou the ſubiect of this wel-
borne thought,
Thriſe noble Maid; couldſt not haue
found nor ſought
A fitter time to yeeld to thy ſad
Fate,
Then whiles this ſpirit liues; that
can relate
Thy worth ſo well to our laſt Ne-
phews Eyne,

That

52619

That they ſhall wonder both at his,
and thine:
Admired match! where ſtriues in
mutuall grace
The cunning Pencill, and the come-
ly face:
A taske, which thy faire goodneſſe
made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens
to tuch;
Enough is vs to praiſe them that
praiſe thee,
And ſay that but enough thoſe pray-
ſes bee,
Which had'ſt thou liu'd, had hid
their fearefull head
From th'angry checkings of thy
modeſtred:
Death bars reward & ſhame: when
enuy's gone,
And gaine; 'tis ſafe to giue the dead
their owne.

As then the wiſe Egyptians wont to lay
More on their Tombes, then houſes: theſe of clay,
But thoſe of braſſe, or marble were; ſo wee
Giue more vnto thy Ghoſt, then vnto thee.
Yet what wee giue to thee, thou gaueſt to vs,
And maieſt but thanke thy ſelfe, for being thus:
Yet what thou gau'ſt, and wert, O happy maid,
Thy grace profeſt all due, were'tis repayd.
So theſe high ſongs that to thee ſuited bine,
Serue but to ſound thy makers praiſe, in thine,
Which thy deare ſoule as ſweetly ſings to him

Amid

Amid the Quire of Saints and Seraphim,
As any Angels tongue can ſing of thee;
The ſubiects differ, tho the skill agree:
For as by infant-yeares men iudge of age,
Thy early loue, thy vertues, did preſage
What hie part thou bear'ſt in thoſe beſt ſongs
Whereto no burden, nor no end belongs.
Sing on thou Virgin ſoule, whoſe loſſefull gaine
Thy Loue-ſicke Parents haue bewail'd in vaine;
Neuer may thy Name be in our ſongs forgot.
Till we ſhall ſing thy ditty, and thy note.

The

The Firſt Anniuerſary.

AN

ANATOMY

of the World.

VVhē that rich ſoule which to her heauen is gone,
Whom all doe celebrate, who know they haue one
(For who is ſure he hath a ſoule, vnleſſe

The entrie into the vvorke.

It

It ſee, and Iudge, and follow worthineſſe,
And by Deedes praiſe it; Hee who doth not this,
May lodge an Inmate ſoule, but tis not his.)
When that Queene ended here her progreſſe time.
And, as t' her ſtanding houſe, to heauen did clymbe,
Where loath to make the Saints attend her long,
Shee's now a part both of the Quire, and Song.
This, world, in that great earth-quake languiſhed;
For in a common Bath of teares it bled,
Which drew the ſtrongeſt vitall ſpirits out:
But ſuccour'd then with a perplexed doubt,

Whether

Whether the world did looſe
or gaine in this,
(Becauſe ſince now no other
way there is,
But goodneſſe, to ſee her, whom
all would ſee,
All muſt endeauour to bee good
as ſhee.)
This great conſumption to a fe-
uer turn'd,
And ſo the world had fits; it
ioy'd, it mournd,
And, as men thinke, that Agues
Phyſicke are,
And th' Ague being ſpent, giue
ouer care,
So thou ſicke world, miſtak'ſt
thy ſelfe to bee
Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Le-
targee.
Her death did wound, and tame
thee than, and than

Thou

Thou mightſt haue better ſpar'd
the Sunne, or Man.
That wound was deepe, but 'tis
more miſery,
That thou haſt loſt thy ſenſe and
memory.
T'was heauy then to heare thy
voice of mone,
But this is worſe, that thou art
ſpeechleſſe growne.
Thou haſt forgot thy name, thou
hadſt; thou waſt
Nothing but ſhe, and her thou
haſt o'repaſt.
For as a child kept from the
Fount, vntill
A Prince, expected long, come
to fulfill
The Ceremonies, thou vnnam'd
hadſt laid,
Had not her comming, thee her
Palace made:

Her

Her name defin'd thee, gaue thee
forme and frame,
And thou forgetſt to celebrate
thy name.
Some moneths ſhee hath bene
dead (but being dead,
Meaſures of times are all deter-
mined)
But long ſhee'ath beene away,
long, long, yet none
Offers to tell vs who it is that's
gone.
But as in ſtates doubtfull of
future heyres,
When ſickneſſe without reme-
dy, empayres
The preſent Prince, they're loth
it ſhould be ſaid,
The Prince doth languiſh, or
the Prince is dead:
So mankinde feeling now a ge-
nerall thaw,

A ſtrong example gone equall
to law.
The Cyment which did faith-
fully compact
And glue all vertues, now re-
ſolu'd, and ſlack'd,
Thought it ſome blaſphemy to
ſay ſh' was dead;
Or that our weakneſſe was diſ-
couered
In that confeſsion; therefore
ſpoke no more
Then tongues, the ſoule being
gonne, the loſſe deplore.
But though it be too late to ſuc-
cour thee,
Sicke world, yea dead, yea pu-
trified, ſince ſhee
Thy'ntrinſique Balme, and thy
preſeruatiue,
Can neuer be renew'd, thou ne-
uer liue,

I (since no man can make thee liue) will trie,
What we may gaine by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught vs dearely, that thou art
Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
Tis labour lost to haue discouered.
The worlds infirmities, since there is none
Aliue to study this dissection;
For there's a kind of world remaining still,
Though shee which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,

What life the world hath still.

Her Ghoſt doth walke; that is, a
glimmering light,
A faint weake loue of vertue and
of good
Reflects from her, on them
which vnderſtood
Her worth; And though ſhe
haue ſhut in all day,
The twi-light of her memory
doth ſtay;
Which, from the carkaſſe of the
old world, free
Creates a new world; and new
creatures bee
Produc'd: The matter and the
ſtuffe of this,
Her vertue, and the forme our
practiſe is.
And thought to be thus Ele-
mented, arme
Theſe creatures, from hom-
borne intrinſique haime,

(For

(For all assum'd vnto this Dignitee,
So many weedlesse Paradises bee,
Which of themselues produce no venemous sinne,
Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)
Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,
And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,
This new world may be safer, being told.
The dangers and diseases of the old:
For with due temper men doe then forgoe,
Or couet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health; Phisitians say that we

The sicknesse of the vvorld

Impossibility of health.

At beſt, enioy, but a neutra-
litee.
And can there be worſe ſicknes,
then to know
That we are neuer well, nor can
be ſo?
We are borne ruinous: poore
mothers cry,
That children come not right,
nor orderly;
Except they headlong come and
fall vpon
An ominous precipita-
tion.
How witty's ruine? how impor-
tunate
Vpon mankinde? It labour'd to
fruſtrate
Euen Gods purpoſe; and made
woman, ſent
For mans reliefe, cauſe of his lan-
guiſhment.

They

They were to good ends, and
they are ſo ſtill,
But acceſſory, and principall
in ill.
For that firſt mariage was our
funerall:
One woman at one blow, then
kill'd vs all,
And ſingly, one by one, they
kill vs now.
We doe delightfully our ſelues
allow
To that conſumption; and pro-
fuſely blinde,
We kill our ſelues, to propagate
our kinde.
And yet we doe not that; we are
not men:
There is not now that mankind,
which was then
When as the Sun, and man, did
ſeeme to ſtriue,

Shortneſſe of life

(Ioynt tenats of the world) who
ſhould ſuruie.
When Stag, and Rauen, and the
long liu d tree.
Compar'd with man, dy'de in
minoritee.
When, if a ſlow-pac'd ſtarre
had ſtolne away
From the obſeruers marking,
he might ſtay
Two or three hundred yeeres
to ſee't againe,
And then make vp his obſeruati-
on plaine;
When, as the age was long, the
ſiſe was great:
Mans grouth confeſs'd, and
recompenc'd the meat:
So ſpacious and large, that euery
ſoule
Did a faire Kingdome, and large
Realme controule:

And

And when the very ſtature thus
erect,
Did that ſoule a good way to-
wards Heauen direct.
Where is this mankind now? who liues to age,
Fit to be made *Methuſalem* his page?
Alas, we ſcarſe liue long enough to trie;
Whether a true made clocke run right, or lie.
Old Grandfires talke of yeſter-
day with ſorrow,
And for our children we reſerue to morrow.
So ſhort is life, that euery pea-
ſant ſtriues,
In a torne houſe, or field, to haue three liues,
And as in laſting, ſo in length is man.

Con-

Smalenesse of stature.

Contracted to an inch, who was
a ſpan,
For had a man at firſt, in Forreſts
ſtray'd,
Or ſhipwrack'd in the Sea, one
would haue laid
A wager that an Elephant, or
Whale
That met him, would not haſti-
ly aſſaile
A thing ſo equall to him:
now alaſſe.
The Fayries, and the Pigmies
well may paſſe
As credible; mankind decayes
ſo ſoone,
We're ſcarſe our Fathers ſha-
dowes caſt at noone.
Onely death addes t'our length:
nor are we growne
In ſtature to be men, till we are
none.

But this were light, did our leſſe volume hold
All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their ſiluer or diſpos'd into leſſe glas,
Spirits of vertue, which then ſcattred was.
But 'tis not ſo: w'are not re-tir'd, but dampt:
And as our bodies, ſo our minds are crampt:
Tis ſhrinking, not cloſe weaning that hath thus,
In minde and body both bedwarfed vs.
We ſeeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'vndoe;
Of nothing he made vs, and we ſtriue too,
To bring our ſelues to nothing backe; and we

Doe

Doe what we can, to do't ſo
ſoone as he.
With new diſeaſes on our ſelues
we warre,
And with new Phyſicke, a worſe
Engin farre.
Thus man, this worlds Vice-Em-
peror, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at
home;
And if in other creatures they
appeare,
They, re but mans Miniſters, and
Legats thers,
To worke on their rebellions,
and reduce
Them to Ciuility, and to mans
vſe.
This man, whom God did woo,
and loth t' attend
Till man came vp, did downe to
man deſcend,

This

This man ſo great, that all that is,
is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poore thing
he is?
If man were any thing; he's no-
thing now:
Helpe, or at leaſt ſome time to
waſt, allow
T'his other wants, yet when he
did depart
With her whom we lament, he
loſt his heart.
She, of whom th'Ancients
ſeem'd to propheſie,
When they call'd vertues by the
name of ſhee,
She in whom vertue was ſo
much refin'd,
That for Allay vnto ſo pure a
minde
Shee tooke the weaker Sex, ſhe
that could driue

The poyſonous tincture, and the
ſtayne of *Eue*,
Out of her thought, and deedes,
and purifie
All, by a true religious Alchi-
my;
Shee, ſhee is dead; ſhee's dead:
when thou knoweſt this,
Thou knoweſt how poore a tri-
fling thing man is.
And learn'ſt thus much by our
Anatomee,
The heart being periſh'd, no
no part can be free.
And that except thou feed (not
banquet) on
The ſupernaturall food, Reli-
gion.
Thy better grouth growes whi-
thered, and ſcant;
Be more than man, or thou'rt
leſſe then an Ant.

Then

Then, as mankinde, ſo is the worlds whole frame
Quite out of ioynt, almoſt created lame:
For, before God had made vp all the reſt,
Corruption entred, and deprau'd the beſt:
It ſeis'd the Angels, and then firſt of all
The world did in her Cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her brains, and tooke a generall maime
Wronging each ioynt of th'vniuerſall frame.
The nobleſt part, man, felt it firſt; and than
Both beaſts and plants, curſt in the curſe of man.
So did the world from the firſt houre decay,

Decay of nature in other parts.

That

That euening was beginning of
the day,
And now the Springs and Som-
mers which we ſee,
Like ſonnes of women after
fifty bee.
And new Philoſophy cals all in
doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put
out;
The Sunne is loſt, and th'earth,
and no mans wit
Can well direct him where to
looke for it.
And freely men confeſſe that
this world's ſpent,
When in the Planets, and the
Firmament
They ſeeke ſo many new; they
ſee that this
Is crumbled out againe to his
Atomis.

'Tis

'Tis all in pieces, all cohærence gone;
All iuſt ſupply, and all Relation:
Prince, Subiect, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
For euery man alone thinkes he hath got
To be a Phœnix, and that then can be
None of that kinde, of which he is, but he.
This is the worlds condition now, and now
She that ſhould all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all Magnetique force alone,
To draw, and faſten ſundred parts in one;
She whom wiſe nature had innented then

When

When ſhe obſeru'd that euery
ſort of men
Did in their voyage in this
worlds Sea ſtray,
And needed a new compaſſe
for their way;
Shee that was beſt, and firſt ori-
ginall
Of all faire copies and the
generall
Steward to Fate; ſhee whoſe
rich eyes, and breſt:
Guilt the Weſt-Indies, and per-
fum'd the Eaſt;
Whoſe hauing breath'd in this
world, did beſtow
Spice on thoſe Iſles, and bad
them ſtill ſmell ſo,
And that rich Indie which doth
gold interre,
Is but as ſingle money, coyn'd
from her:

She to whom this world muſt it
ſelfe refer,
As Suburbs, or the Microcoſme
of her,
Shee, ſhee is dead; ſhee's dead:
when thou knoweſt this,
Thou knowſt how lame a crip-
ple this world is.
And learnſt thus much by our
Anatomy,
That this worlds generall ſick-
neſſe doth not lie
In any humour, or one certaine
part;
But as thou ſaweſt it rotten at the
heart,
Thou ſeeſt a Hectique feuer hath
got hold
Of the whole ſubſtance, not to
be contrould.
And that thou haſt but one way,
not t'admit

The worlds infection, to be
none of it.
For the worlds ſubtilſt imma-
teriall parts
Feele this conſuming wound,
and ages darts.
For the worlds beauty is de-
cayd, or gone,
Diſformity of parts. Beauty, that's colour, and pro-
portion.
We thinke the heauens enioy
their Sphericall
Their round proportion em-
bracing all.
But yet their various and per-
plexed courſe,
Obſeru'd in diuerſe ages doth
enforce
Men to find out ſo many Eccen-
trique parts,
Such diuers downe-right lines,
ſuch ouerthwarts,

As

As diſproportion that pure
forme. It teares
The Firmament in eight and
forty ſheeres,
And in theſe conſtillations then
ariſe
New ſtarres, and old doe vaniſh
from our eyes:
As though heau n ſuffered earth
quakes, peace or war,
When new Towers riſe, and old
demoliſh't are.
They haue impayld within a
Zodiake
The free-borne Sun, and keepe
twelue ſignes awake
To watch his ſtepps; the Goat
and Crabbe controule,
And fright him backe, who els
to either Pole,
(Did not theſe Tropiques fetter
him) might runne:

For his courſe is not round; nor can the Sunne
Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way
One inche direct; but where he roſe to day
He comes no more, but with a couſening line,
Steales by that point, and ſo is Serpentine:
And ſeeming weary with his reeling thus,
He meanes to ſleepe, being now falne nearer vs.
So, of the Starres which boaſt that they doe runne.
In Circle ſtill, none ends where he begunne.
All their propoſition's lame, it ſinckes, it ſwels.
For of Meridians, and Paral-
lels,

Man

Man hath weaued out a net, and
this net throwne
Vpon the Heauens, and now
they are his owne.
Loth to goe vp the hill, or la-
bour thus
To goe to heauen, we make
heauen come to vs.
We ſpur, we raigne the ſtars,
and in their race
They're diuerſly content t'obey
our peace,
But keepes the earth her round
proportion ſtill?
Doth not a Tenarif, or higher
Hill
Riſe ſo high like a Rocke, that
one might thinke
The floating Moone wold ſhip-
wracke there, and ſinke?
Seas are ſo deepe, that Whales
being ſtrooke to day,

Perchance too morrow, ſcarſe
at middle way
Of their wiſh'd iourneys ende,
the bottom, die.
And men, to ſound depths, ſo
much line vntie,
As one might iuſtly thinke, that
there would riſe
At end thereof, one of th'Anti-
podies:
If vnder all, a Vault infernall
be,
(Which ſure is ſpacious, except
that we
Inuent another torment, that
there muſt
Millions into a ſtrait hot roome
be thruſt)
Then ſolidneſſe, and roundneſſe
haue no place.
Are theſe but warts, and pock-
holes in the face

Of th'earth? Thinke ſo: But yet confeſſe, in this
The worlds proportion disfigured is,
That thoſe two legges whereon it doth rely,
Reward and puniſhment are bent awry.
And, Oh, it can no more be queſtioned,
That beauties beſt, proportion, is dead,
Since euen griefe it ſelfe, which now alone
Is left vs, is without proportion.
Shee by whoſe lines proportion ſhould bee
Examin'd, meaſure of all Symmetree,
Whom had that Ancient ſeene, who thought ſoules made

Diſorder in the world.

Of Harmony, he would at next
haue ſaid
That Harmony was ſhee, and
thence infer.
That ſoules were but Reſultan-
ces from her,
And did from her into our bo-
dies goe,
As to our eyes, the formes from
obiects flow:
Shee, who if thoſe great Doctors
truely ſaid
That the Arke to mans propor-
tion was made,
Had beene a type for that, as
that might be
A type of her in this, that con-
trary
Both Elements and Paſsions
liu'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Ciuill
war to ceaſe.

Shee

Shee, after whom, what forme
ſoe're we ſee,
Is diſcord, and rude incongrui-
tee,
Shee, ſhee is dead, ſhe's dead;
when thou knoweſt this,
Thou knowſt how vgly a mon-
ſter this world is:
And learnſt thus much by our
Anatomee,
That here is nothing to enamor
thee:
And that, not onely faults in in-
ward parts,
Corruptions in our brains, or in
our hearts.
Poyſoning the fountaines,
whence our actions ſpring,
Endanger vs: but that if euery
thing
Be not done fitly 'nd in propor-
tion,

To

To ſatisfie wiſe, and good lookers on,
(Since moſt men be ſuch as moſt thinke they bee)
They're lothſome too, by this Deformitee.
For good, and well, muſt in our actions meete;
Wicked is not much worſe then indiſcreet.
But beauties other ſecond Element,
Colour, and luſtre now, is as neere ſpent.
And had the world his iuſt proportion,
Were it a ring ſtill, yet the ſtone is gone.
As a compaſſionate Turcoyſe which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well,

As gold fals ſicke being ſtung
with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of ſuch
complexion bee.
When nature was moſt buſie,
the firſt weeke,
Swadling the new borne earth
God ſeemd to like,
That ſhe ſhould ſport her ſelfe
ſometimes, and play,
To mingle, and vary colours e-
uery day.
And then, as though ſhe could
not make inow
Himſelfe his various Rainbow
did allow,
Sight is the nobleſt ſenſe of any
one,
Yet ſight hath onely colour to
feede on,
And colour is decayd: ſummers
robe growes
Duskie,

Duskie, and like an oft dyed
garment ſhowes.
Our bluſhing redde, which vs'd
in cheekes to ſpred.
Is inward ſunke and onely our
ſoules are redde.
Perchance the world might
haue recouered,
If ſhee whom we lament had
not bene dead:
But ſhee, in whom all white, and
red, and blew
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an vnuext Paradiſe; from
whom
Did all things verdure, and their
luſtre come,
Whoſe compoſition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all Diaphanous,

(For

(For Ayre, and Fire but thicke groſſe bodies were,
And liueliеſt ſtones but drowſie, and pale to her,)
Shee, ſhee, is dead; ſhe's dead: when thou knowſt this,
Thou knoweſt how wan a Ghoſt this our world is:
And learnſt thus much by our Anatomee,
That it ſhould more affright, then pleaſure thee.
And that, ſince all faire colour then did ſinke,
'Tis now but wicked vanitie to thinke,
To colour vicious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colors to illude mens ſenſe.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,

Weakneſſe in the want of correſpondence of heauen & earth,

Then

Then that her influence the
heau'n forbeares,
Or that the Elements doe not
feele this,
The father, or the mother bar-
ren is.
The clouds conceiue not raine,
or doe not powre
In the due birth-time, down the
balmy ſhowre.
Th' Ayre doth not motherly ſit
on the earth,
To hatch her ſeaſons, and giue
all things birth.
Spring-times were common
cradles, but are toombes,
And falſe-conceptions fill the
generall wombes.
Th' ayre ſhowes ſuch Meteors,
as none can ſee,
Not onely what they meane, but
what they bee.

Earth,

Earth ſuch new wormes, as
would haue troubled much,
Th'Egyptian *Mages* to haue
made more ſuch.
What Artiſt now dares boaſt
that he can bring
Heauen hither, or conſtellate
any thing,
So as the influence of thoſe
ſtarres may bee
Impriſoned in an Hearbe, or
Charme, or Tree.
And doe by touch, all which
thoſe ſtarres could doe?
The art is loſt, and correſpon-
dence too.
For heauen giues little, and the
earth takes leſſe,
And man leaſt knowes their
trade and purpoſes.
If this commerce twixt heauen
and earth were not

Em-

Embarr'd, and all this trafique
quite forgot,
Shee, for whoſe loſſe we haue
lamented thus,
Would worke more fully and
pow'rfully on vs.
Since herbes and roots by dy-
ing, loſe not all,
But they, yea Aſhes too, are
medicinall,
Death could not quench her ver-
tue ſo, but that
It would be (if not follow'd)
wondred at:
And all the world would be one
dying Swan,
To ſing her funerall praiſe, and
vaniſh than.
But as ſome Serpents poyſon
hurteth not,
Except it be from the liue Ser-
pent ſhot,

So

So doth her vertue need her
here, to fit
That vnto vs; ſhe working more
then it.
But ſhe, in whom, to ſuch matu-
rity,
Vertue was grown, paſt grouth,
that it muſt die,
She from whoſe influence all
Impreſsion came,
But by receiuers impotencies,
lame,
Who, though ſhe could not
tranſubſtantiate
All ſtates to gold, yet guilded
euery ſtate,
So that ſome Princes haue ſome
temperance;
Some Counſellors ſome pur-
poſe to aduance
The common profite; and ſome
people haue

Some ſtay, no more then Kings
ſhould giue, to craue;
Some women haue ſome taci-
turnity,
Some Nunneries, ſome graines
ofchaſtity.
She that did thus much, & much
more could doe,
But that our age was Iron, and
ruſty too,
Shee, ſhee is dead; ſhee's dead:
when thou knoweſt this,
Thou knoweſt how drie a Cin-
der this world is.
And learnſt thus much by our
Anatomy,
That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mol-
lifie
It with thy Teares, or Sweat, or
Blood: no thing
Is worth our trauaile, griefe, or
periſhing,

But

But thoſe rich ioyes, which did
poſſeſſe her heart,
Of which ſhee's now partaker,
and a part.
But as in cutting vp a man that's *Concluſion.*
dead,
The body will not laſt out to
haue read
On euery part, and therefore
men direct
Their ſpeech to parts, that are of
moſt effect;
So the worlds carcaſſe would
not laſt, if I
Were punctuall in this
Anatomy.
Nor ſmels it well to hearers, if
one tell
Them their diſeaſe, who faine
would thinke they're well.
Here therefore be the end: And,
bleſſed maid,

Of whom is meant what euer
hath beene ſaid,
Or ſhall be ſpoken well by any
tongue,
Whoſe name refines courſe
lines, and makes proſe ſong,
Accept this tribute, and his firſt
yeeres rent,
Who till his darke ſhort tapers
end be ſpent,
As oft as thy feaſt ſees this wi-
dowed earth,
Will yeerely celebrate thy ſe-
cond birth,
That is, thy death. For though
the ſoule of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis
borne but than
When man doth die, Our bodi's
as the wombe,
And as a Mid-wife death directs
it home.

And

And you her creatures, whom
ſhe workes vpon
And haue your laſt, and beſt
concoction
From her example, and her ver-
tue, if you
In reuerence to her, doe thinke
it due,
That no one ſhould her prayſes
thus reherſe,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not
verſe,
Vouchſafe to call to minde, that
God did make
A laſt, and laſtingſt peece, a ſong.
He ſpake
To *Moſes*, to deliuer vnto
all,
That ſong: becauſe he knew
they would let fall,
The Law, the Prophets, and the
Hiſtory,

But keepe the long ſtill in their
memory.
Such an opinion (in due mea-
ſure) made
Me this great Office boldly to in-
uade.
Nor could incomprehenſible-
neſſe deterre
Me, from thus trying to empri-
ſon her.
Which when I ſaw that a ſtrict
graue could doe,
I ſaw not why verſe might not
doe ſo too.
Verſe hath a middle nature:
Heauen keepes ſoules,
The Graue keepes bodies,
Verſe the ſame enroules.

A FVNERALL ELEGIE.

TIs loſt, to truſt a Toombe with ſuch a gueſt,
Or to confine her in a Marble cheſt.
Alas, what's Marble, leat, or Porphiry,
Priz'd with the Chryſolite of either eye,
Or with thoſe Pearles, and Rubies which ſhee was?
Ioyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glas;
And ſo is all to her materials,

Though euery inche were ten'eſcu-
rials.
Yet ſhee's demoliſhed: Can we keepe
her then
In workes of hands, or of the wits of
men?
Can theſe memorials, ragges of pa-
per, giue
Life to that name, by which name
they muſt liue?
Sickly, alas, ſhort liu'd, aborted
bee
Thoſe Carkas verſes, whoſe ſoule is
not ſhee.
And can ſhee, who no longer would
be ſhee,
Being ſuch a Tabernacle, ſtoope to
bee
In paper wrapt; Or, when ſhee
would not lie
In ſuch a houſe, dwell in an Ele-
gie?

But

But 'tis no matter; we may well allow
Verſe to liue ſo long as the world will now
For her death wounded it. The world containes
Princes for armes, and Counſailors for braines,
Lawyers for tongues, Diuines for hearts, and more,
The Rich for ſtomachs, and for backes the Poore;
The officers for hands, Merchants for feet
By which remote and diſtant Countries meet.
But thoſe fine ſpirits which doe tune and ſet
This Organ, are thoſe peeces which beget
Wonder and loue; And theſe were ſhee; and ſhee

Being

Being ſpent, the world muſt needs
decrepit bee.
For ſince death will proceed to tri-
umph ſtill,
He can finde nothing, after her, to
kill,
Except the world it ſelfe, ſo great as
ſhee.
Thus braue and confident may Na-
ture bee,
Death cannot giue her ſuch another
blow,
Becauſe ſhee cannot ſuch another
ſhow.
But muſt we ſay ſhee's dead? May't
not be ſaid
That as a ſundred Clocke is peece-
meale laid,
Not to be loſt, but by the makers
hand
Repoliſh'd, without error then to
ſtand,

Or

Or as the Affrique Niger ſtreame enwombs
It ſelfe into the earth, and after comes,
(Hauing firſt made a naturall bridge, to paſſe
For many leagues,) farre greater then it was,
May't not be ſaid, that her graue ſhall reſtore
Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?
Heauen may ſay this, and ioy in't; but can wee
Who liue, and lacke her, here this vantage ſee?
What is't to vs, alas, if there haue beene
An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin?
We loſe by't: And as aged men are glad

Being

Being taſtleſſe growne, to ioy in
ioyes they had,
So now the ſicke ſtaru'd world muſt
feed vpon
This ioy, that we had her, who now
is gone.
Reioyce then nature, and this world,
that you
Fearing the laſt fires haſtning to
ſubdue
Your force and vigor, ere it were
neere gone,
Wiſely beſtow'd, and laid it all on
one.
One, whoſe cleare body was ſo pure,
and thin,
Becauſe it need diſguiſe no thought
within.
T'was but a through-light ſcarfe;
her minde t' enroule,
Or exhalation breath'd out from
her ſoule.

One,

One, whom all men who durſt no
more, admir'd,
And whom, who ere had worth
enough, deſir'd;
As when a Temple's built, Saints
emulate
To which of them, it ſhall be conſe-
crate.
But as when Heauen lookes on vs
with new eyes,
Thoſe new ſtarres euery Artiſt ex-
erciſe,
What place they ſhould aſſigne to
them they doubt.
Argue, and agree not, till thoſe
ſtarres goe out:
So the world ſtudied whoſe this
peece ſhould be,
Till ſhe can be no bodies elſe, nor
ſhee:
But like a Lampe of Balſamum,
deſir'd

Rather

Rather t' adorne, then laſt, ſhee
ſoone expir'd;
Cloath'd in her Virgin white inte-
grity;
For mariage, though it doe not
ſtaine, doth dye.
To ſcape th'infirmities which waite
vpon
Woman, ſhee went away, before
ſh'was one.
And the worlds buſie noyſe to ouer-
come,
Tooke ſo much death, as ſerv'd for
opium.
For though ſhe could not, nor could
chuſe to die,
Shee'ath yeelded to too long an
Extaſie.
He which not knowing her ſaid Hi-
ſtory,
Should come to read the booke of
deſtinie,

How

How faire and chaſt, humble and
high ſhee'ad beene,
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at
not fifteene,
And meaſuring future things, by
things before,
Should turne the leafe to read, and
read no more,
Would thinke that either deſtinie
miſtooke,
Or that ſome leaues were torne out
of the booke.
But'tis not ſo: Fate did but ſtay her
her
To yeares of Reaſons vſe, and then
infer
Her deſtinie to her ſelfe; which li-
bertie
Shee tooke but for thus much, thus
much to die.
Her modeſty not ſuffering her to
bee

Fellow-

Fellow-Commiſſioner with deſti-
nee,
She did no more but die; if after her
Any ſhall liue, which dare true good prefer,
Euery ſuch perſon is her deligate,
T' accompliſh that which ſhould haue beene her fate.
They ſhall make vp that booke, and ſhall haue thankes
Of fate and her, for filling vp their blankes.
For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,
Which from the gift of her example riſe.
And 'tis in heau'n part of ſpirituall mirth,
To ſee how well, the good play her, on earth

FINIS

The ſecond Anniuerſarie.

OF THE PROGRES of the Soule.

Wherein,

BY OCCASION OF *the Religious death of Miſtris* ELIZABETH DRVRY, the incommodities of the Soule *in this life, and her exaltation in* the next, are Contem-*plated.*

LONDON

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THE HARBINGER to the Progreſſe.

TWo ſoules moue here, and mine (a third) muſt moue
Paces of admiration, and of loue;
Thy ſoule (Deare Virgin) whoſe this tribute is,
Mou'd from this mortall ſphere to liuely bliſſe;
And yet moues ſtill, and ſtill aſpires to ſee
The worlds laſt day, thy glories full degree:

Like as those ſtarres which thou ore-lookeſt farre,
Are in their place, and yet ſtill moued are
No ſoule (whiles with the luggage of this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee halfe way;
Or ſee thy flight; which doth our thoughts outgoe
So faſt, that now the lightning moues but ſlow:
But now thou art as high in heauen flowne
As heau'ns from vs; what ſoule beſides thine owne
Can tell thy ioyes, or ſay he can relate
Thy glorious Iournals in that bleſſed ſtate?
I enuie thee (Rich ſoule) I enuy thee,

Although

Although I cannot yet thy glory
ſee:
And thou (Great ſpirit) which
her's follow'd haſt
So faſt, as none can follow thine ſo
faſt;
So farre as none can follow thine ſo
farre,
(And if this fleſh did not the paſ-
ſage barre
Had'ſt caught her) let me wonder
at thy flight
Which long agone had'ſt loſt the
vulgar ſight
And now mak'ſt proud the better
eyes, that thay
Can ſee thee leſs'ned in thine aery
way;
So while thou mak'ſt her ſoule by
progreſſe knowne
Thou mak'ſt a noble progreſſe of
thine owne.

From this worlds carcaſſe hauing
mounted hie
To that pure life of Immorta-
litie;
Since thine aſpiring thoughts them-
ſelues ſo raiſe
That more may not beſeeme a crea-
tures praiſe,
Yet ſtill thou vow ſt her more; and
euery yeare
Mak'ſt a new Progreſſe, while thou
wandreſt here;
Still vpward mount; and let thy
makers praiſe
Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy
laies.
And ſince thy Muſe head in
heauen ſhrouds
Oh let her neuer ſtoope below the
clouds:
And if thoſe glorious ſainted ſoules
may know

Or what we doe, or what we ſing
below,
Thoſe acts, thoſe ſongs ſhall ſtill
content them beſt
Which praiſe thoſe awfull powers
that make them bleſt.

The ſecond Anniuerſary

OF THE PROGRES *of the Soule.*

NOthing could make me ſooner to confeſſe. *The entrance.*
That this world had an euerlaſtingneſſe,
Then to conſider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower worlds, and the Sunnes Sunne,
The Luſtre, and the vigor of this All,

Did

Did ſet; t'were Blaſphemy, to
ſay, did fall.
But as a ſhip which hath ſtrooke
ſaile, doth runne,
By force of that force which be-
fore, it wonne:
Or as ſometimes in a beheaded
man,
Through at thoſe two Red ſeas,
which freely ran,
One from the Trunke, another
from the Head,
His ſoule he ſaild, to her eternall
bed,
His eies will twinckle, and his
tongue will roll,
As though he beckned, and cal'd
backe his Soul,
He graſpes his hands, and he puls
vp his feet,
And ſeemes to reach, and to ſtep
forth to meet

His

His ſoule; when all theſe moti-
ons which we ſaw,
Are but as Ice, which crackles at
a thaw :
Or as a lute, which in moiſt wea-
ther, rings
Her knell alone, by cracking of
her ſtrings.
So ſtrugles this dead world,
now ſhee is gone;
For there is motion in corrup-
tion.
As ſome Daies are, at the Crea-
tion nam'd,
Before the Sunne, the which
fram'd Daies, was fram'd,
So after this Sunnes ſet ſome
ſhow appeares,
And orderly viciſitude of
yeares.
Yet a new Deluge, and of *Lethe*
flood,

Hath

Hath drown'vs all, All haue for-
got all good,
Forgetting her, the miane Re-
ſerue of all,
Yet in this Deluge, groſſe and
generall,
Thou ſeeſt me ſtriue for life; my
life ſhall be,
To bee hereafter prais'd, for
prayſing thee,
Immorrall Maid, who though
thou wouldſt refuſe
The name of Mother, be vnto
my Muſe,
A Father ſince her chaſt Ambi-
tion is,
Yearely to bring forth ſuch a
child as this.
Theſe Hymes may worke on fu-
ture wits, and ſo
May great Grand-children of
thy praiſes grow.

And

And ſo, though not Reuiue, embalme, and ſpice
The world which elſe would putrifie with vice.
For thus, Man may extend thy progeny,
Vntill man doe but vaniſh, and not die.
Theſe Hymus they iſſue, may encreaſe ſo long,
As till Gods great *Venite* change the ſong.
Thirſt for that time, O my inſatiate ſoule, *A iuſt diſeſtimation of this world.*
And ſerue thy thirſt, with Gods ſafe-ſealing Bowle.
Bee thirſty ſtill, and drinke ſtill till thou goe;
To th'onely Health, to be Hydroptique ſo.
Forget this rotten world; And vnto thee,

Let

Let thine owne times as an old ſtory be
Be not concern'd: ſtudy not why, nor whan;
Doe not ſo much, as not beleeue a man.
For though to erre, be worſt, to try truths forth,
Is far more buſines, then this world is worth.
The world is but a carcaſſe; thou art fed
By it, but as a worme, that carcas bred;
And why ſhouldſt thou, poore worme, conſider more,
When this world will grow better then before,
Then thoſe thy fellow-wormes doe thinke vpone
That carcaſſes laſt reſurrection.

Forget

Forget this world, and ſcarſe
thinke of it ſo,
As of old cloaths, caſt off a yeere
agoe.
To be thus ſtupid is Ala-
crity;
Men thus lethargique haue beſt
Memory.
Looke vpward; that's towards
her, whoſe happy ſtate
We now lament not, but congra-
tulate.
Shee, to whom all this world
twas but a ſtage,
Where all ſat harkning how her
youthfull age
Should be emploid, becauſe in
all, ſhee did,
Some Figure of the Golden
times, was hid.
Who could not lacke, what ere
this world could giue,
Becauſe

Becauſe ſhee was the forme,
that made it liue;
Nor could complaine, that this
world was vnfit,
To be ſtaid in, then when ſhee
was in it;
Shee that firſt tried indifferent
deſires
By vertue, and vertue by religi-
ous fires,
Shee to whoſe perſon Paradiſe
adheard,
As Courts to Princes, ſhe whoſe
eies enſpheard
Star-light inough, t haue made
the South controll,
(Had ſhee beene there) the Star-
full Northern Pole,
Shee, ſhee is gone; ſhee is gone;
when thou knoweſt this,
What fragmentary rubbidge this
world is.

Thou

Thou knoweſt, and that it is not
worth a thought;
He honours it too much that
thinkes it nought.
Thinke then, My ſoule, that death is but a Groome,
Which brings a Taper to the
outward roome,
Whence thou ſpieſt firſt a little
glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy
ſight:
For ſuch approches doth heauen
make in death.
Thinke thy ſelfe labouring now
with broken breath,
And thinke thoſe broken & ſoft
Notes to bee
Diuiſion, and thy happieſt Harmonee.
Thinke thee laid on thy death-
bed, looſe and ſlacke;

Contemplation of our ſtate in our death-bed.

And thinke that but vnbinding of a packe,
To take one precious thing, thy ſoule, from thence.
Thinke thy ſelfe parch'd with feuers violence,
Anger thine Ague more, by calling it
Thy Phyſicke; chide the ſlacknes of the fit.
Thinke that thou hear'ſt thy knell, and thinke no more,
But that, as Bels cal'd thee to Church before,
So this, to the Triumphant Church, cals thee.
Thinke Satans Sergeants round about thee bee,
And thinke that but for Legacies they thruſt;
Giue one thy Pride, to'another giue thy Luſt:

Giue them thoſe ſinnes which
they gaue thee before,
And truſt th'immaculate blood
to waſh thy ſcore.
Thinke thy friends weeping
round, and thinke that thay
Weepe but becauſe they goe not
yet thy way.
Thinke that they cloſe thine
eyes, and thinke in this,
That they confeſſe much in the
world, amiſſe
Who dare not truſt a dead mans
eye with that,
Which they from God, and An-
gels couer not.
Thinke that they ſhourd thee
vp, and thinke from thence
They reinueſt thee in white in-
nocence.
Thinke that thy body rots, and
(if ſo lowe,

Thy ſoule exhalted ſo, thy
thoughts can goe.)
Thinke thee a Prince, who of
themſelues create
Wormes which inſenſibly de-
uoure their ſtate.
Thinke that they bury thee, and
thinke that right
Laies thee to ſleepe but a Saint
Lucies night.
Thinke theſe things cheerfully:
and if thou bee
Drowſie or ſlacke, remember
then that ſhee,
She whoſe Complexion was ſo
euen made,
That which of her Ingredients
ſhould inuade
The other three, no Feare, no
Art could gueſſe:
So farre were all remou'd from
more or leſſe.

But as in Mithridate, or iuſt perfumes,
Where all good things being met, no one preſumes
To gouerne, or to triumph on the reſt,
Onely becauſe all were, no part was beſt.
And as, though all doe know, that quantities
Are made of lines, and lines from Points ariſe,
None can theſe lines or quantities vnioynt,
And ſay this is a line, or this a point,
So though the Elements and Humors were
In her, one could not ſay, this gouerns there.
Whoſe euen conſtitution might haue worne

Any diſeaſe to venter on the Sunne,
Rather then her: and make a ſpirit feare
That he to diſuniting ſubiect were.
To whoſe proportions if we would compare
Cubes, th'are vnſtable, Circles, Angulare,
Shee who was ſuch a Chaine, as Fate emploies
To bring mankind, all Fortunes it enioyes,
So faſt, ſo euen wrought, as one would thinke,
No Accident, could threaten any linke,
Shee, ſhee embrac'd a ſickneſſe, gaue it meat,
The pureſt Blood, and Breath, that ere it eat.

And

And hath taught vs that though
a good man hath
Title to Heauen, and plead it by
his Faith,
And though he may pretend a
conqueſt, ſince
Heauen was content to ſuffer
violence,
Yea though he plead a long poſ-
ſeſsion too,
(For they're in heauen on earth,
who heauens workes do,)
Though he had right, & power,
and place before,
Yet Death muſt vſher, and vn-
locke the doore.
Thinke further on thy ſelfe, my
ſoule, and thinke;
How thou at firſt waſt made but
in a ſinke;
Thinke that it argued ſome in-
fermitee,

Incommodities of the Soule in the Body.

That thoſe two ſoules, which then thou foundſt in mee,
Thou fedſt upon, and drewſt into thee, both
My ſecond ſoule of ſence, and firſt of growth.
Thinke but how poore thou waſt, how obnoxious;
Whom a ſmall lumpe of fleſh could poyſon thus.
This curded milke, this poore vnlittered whelpe
My body, could, beyound eſcape, or helpe,
Infect thee with originall ſinne, and thou
Couldſt neither then refuſe, nor leaue it now.
Thinke that no ſtubborne ſullen Anchorit,
Which fixt to'a Pillar, or a Graue doth ſit

Bedded and Bath'd in all his Or-
dures, dwels
So fowly as our ſoules, in their
firſt-built Cels.
Thinke in how poore a priſon
thou didſt lie
After, enabled but to ſucke, and
crie.
Thinke, when t'was growne to
moſt, t'was a poore Inne,
A Prouince Pack'd vp in two
yards of skinne.
And that vſurped, or threatned
with the rage
Of ſickneſſes, or their true mo-
ther, Age.
But thinke that Death hath now *Her liberty by death.*
enfranchis'd thee,
Thou haſt thy' expauſion now
and libertee;
Thinke that a ruſty Peece, diſ-
charg'd, is flowen

In

In peeces, and the bullet is his owne,
And freely flies: This to thy ſoule allow,
Thinke thy ſhell broke, thinke thy Soule hatch'd but now.
And think this ſlow-pac'd ſoule, which late did cleaue,
To'a body, and went but by the bodies leaue,
Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile a day,
Diſpatches in a minute all the way,
Twixt Heauen, and Earth: ſhee ſtaies not in the Ayre,
To looke what Meteors there themſelues prepare;
Shee carries no deſire to know, nor ſenſe,
Whether th'Ayrs middle Region be intenſe,

For th'Element of fire, ſhee doth
not know,
Whether ſhee paſt by ſuch a
place or no;
Shee baits not at the Moone, nor
cares to trie,
Whether in that new world,
men liue, and die.
Venus recards her not, to' en-
quire, how ſhee
Can, (being one Star) Heſper,
and Veſper bee,
Hee that charm'd Argus eyes,
ſweet Mercury,
Workes not on her, who now is
growen all Ey;
Who, if ſhee meete the body of
the Sunne,
Goes through, not ſtaying till
his courſe be runne;
Who finds in Mars his Campe,
no corps of Guard;

Nor

Nor is by Ioue, nor by his father bard;
But ere ſhe can conſider how ſhe went,
At once is at, and through the Firmament.
And as theſe ſtarres were but ſo many beades
Strunge on one ſtring, ſpeed vndiſtinguiſh'd leades
Her through thoſe ſpheares, as through the beades, a ſtring,
Whoſe quicke ſucceſſion makes it ſtill one thing:
As doth the Pith, which, leaſt our Bodies ſlacke,
Strings faſt the little bones of necke, and backe;
So by the ſoule doth death ſtring Heauen and Earth.
For when our ſoule enioyes this her third birth,

Creation

(Creation gaue her one, a ſe-
cond, grace,)
Heauen is as neare, and preſent
to her face,
As colours are, and obiects, in a
roome
Where darkeneſſe was before,
when Tapers come.
This muſt, my ſoule, thy long-
ſhort Progreſſe bee;
To'aduance theſe thoughts, re-
member then, that ſhee
Shee, whoſe faire body no ſuch
priſon was,
But that a ſoule might well be
pleas'd to paſſe
An age in her; ſhe whoſe rich
beauty lent
Mintage to others beauties, for
they went
But for ſo much, as they were
like to her;

Shee,

Shee, in whoſe body (if we dare prefer
This low world, to ſo high a marke, as ſhee,)
The Weſterne treaſure, Eſterne ſpiceree,
Europe, and Afrique, and the vnknowen reſt
Were eaſily found, or what in them was beſt;
And when w'haue made this large Diſcoueree.
Of all in her ſome one part then will bee
Twenty ſuch patts, whoſe plenty and riches is
Inough to make twenty ſuch worlds as this,
Shee, whom had they knowne who did firſt betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and aſſigned one, both

To Nations, Cities, and to
Companies,
To Fuctions, Offices, and Dig-
nities,
And to each ſeuerall man, to
him, and him,
They would haue giuen her one
for euery limme;
Shee, of whoſe ſoule, if we may
ſay, t'was Gold,
Her body was th'Electrum, and
did hold
Many degrees of that; (we vn-
ſtood
Her by her ſight, her pure and
eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheekes, and ſo di-
ſtinckly wrought,
That one might almoſt ſay, her
body thought,
Shee, ſhee, thus richly, & largely
hous'd, is gone:

And

And chides vs ſlow-pac'd ſnailes who crawle vpon
Our priſons priſon, earth, nor thinke vs well
Longer, then whil'ſt we beare our brittle ſhell.

Her ignorance in this life and knowledge in the next.

But t'were but little to haue chang'd our roome,
If, as we were in this our liuing Toombe
Oppreſs'd with ignorance, we ſtill were ſo,
Poore ſoule in this thy fleſh what do'ſt thou know.
Thou know ſt thy ſelfe ſo little, as thou know'ſt not,
How thou didſt die, nor how thou waſt begot.
Thou neither know'ſt, how thou at firſt cam'ſt in,
Nor how thou took'ſt the poyſon of mans ſin.

Nor doſt thou, (though thou
knowſt, that thou art ſo)
By what way thou art made
immortall, know.
Thou art to narrow, wretch,
to comprehend
Euen thy ſelfe: yea though thou
wouldſt but bend
To know thy body. Haue not
all ſoules thought
For many ages, that our body'is
wrought
Of Ayre, and Fire, and other E-
lements?
And now they thinke of new in-
gredients.
And one ſoule thinkes one, and
another way
Another thinkes, and ty's an
euen lay.
Know'ſt thou but how the ſtone
doth enter in

The bladders Caue, and neuer
brake the skin?
Knowſt thou how blood, which
to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to
th'other goe?
And for the putrid ſtuffe, which
thou doſt ſpit,
Knowſt thou how thy lungs
haue attracted it?
There are no paſſages ſo that
there is
(For ought thou knowſt) pier-
cing of ſubſtances.
And of thoſe many opinions
which men raiſe
Of Nayles and Haires, doſt thou
know which to praiſe?
What hope haue we to know
our ſelues, when we
Know not the leaſt things, which
for our vſe be?

We ſee in Authors, too ſtiffe to recant.
A hundred controuerſies of an Ant.
And yet one watches, ſtarues, freeſes, and ſweats,
To know but Catechiſmes and Alphabets
Of vnconcerning things, matters of fact;
How others on our ſtage their parts did Act;
What *Cæſar* did, yea, and what *Cicero* ſaid.
Why graſſe is greene, or why our blood is red,
Are myſteries which none haue reach'd vnto.
In this low forme, poore ſoule what wilt thou doe?
When wilt thou ſhake off this Pedantery,

Of being thought by ſenſe, and
Fantaſy:
Thou look'ſt through ſpectacles; ſmall things ſeeme great,
Below; But vp vnto the watch-towre get,
And ſee all things deſpoyld of fallacies:
Thou ſhalt not peepe through lattices of eies,
Nor heare through Laberinths of eares, nor learne
By circuit, or collections to diſcerne.
In heauen thou ſtraight know'ſt all, concerning it,
And what concerns it not, ſhall ſtraight forget.
There thou (but in no other ſchoole) maiſt bee
Purchance, as learned, and as full, as ſhee,

Shee

Shee who all Libraries had
throughly red
At home, in her own thoughts,
and practiſed
So much good as would make as
many more:
Shee whoſe example they muſt
all implore,
Who would or doe, or thinke
well, and confeſſe
That aie the vertuous Actions
they expreſſe,
Are but a new, and worſe
edition,
Of her ſome one thought, or
one action:
Shee, who in th'Art of knowing
Heauen, was growen
Here vpon Earth, to ſuch perfe-
ction,
That ſhee hath, euer ſince to
Heauen ſhee came,

(In a far fairer point,) but read
the ſame:
Shee, ſhee, not ſatisfied withall
this waite,
(For ſo much knowledge, as
would ouer-fraite
Another, did but Ballaſt her) is
gone,
As well t'enioy, as get
perfectione.
And cals vs after her, in that ſhee
tooke,
(Taking her ſelfe) our beſt, and
worthieſt booke.
Of our company in this life and in the next.
Returne not, my ſoule, from this
extaſee,
And meditation of what thou
ſhalt bee,
To earthly thoughts, till it to
thee appeare,
With whom thy conuerſation
muſt be there.

With

With whom wilt thou Con-
uerſe? what ſtation
Canſt thou chooſe out, free
from infection,
That will nor giue thee theirs,
nor drinke in thine?
Shalt thou not finde a ſpungy
ſlacke Diuine
Drinke and ſucke in th'Inſtruc-
ons of Great men,
And for the word of God, vent
them agen?
Are there not ſome Courts,
(And then, no things bee
So like as Courts) which, in this
let vs ſee,
That wits and tongues of Libel-
lars are weake,
Becauſe they doe more ill, then
theſe can ſpeake?
The poyſon'is gone through all,
poyſons affect

Chiefly the cheefeſt parts, but
ſome effect
In Nailes, and Haires, yea excre-
ments, will ſhow,
So wiſe the poyſon of ſinne, in
the moſt low.
Vp vp, my drowſie ſoule, where
thy new eare
Shall in the Angels ſongs no diſ-
cord heare;
Where thou ſhalt ſee the bleſſed
Mother-maid
Ioy in not being that, which
men haue ſaid.
Where ſhee is exalted more for
being good,
Then for her intereſt, of mo-
ther-hood.
Vp to thoſe Patriarckes, which
did longer ſit
Expecting Chriſt, then they
haue enioy'd him yet.

Vp to thoſe Prophets, which
now gladly ſee
Their Propheſies growen to be
Hiſtoree.
Vp to th'Apoſtles, who did
brauely runne,
All the Suns courſe, with more
light then the Sunne.
Vp to thoſe Martyrs, who did
calmely bleed
Oyle to th'Apoſtles lamps, dew
to their ſeed.
Vp to thoſe Virgins, who
thoughts that almoſt
They made ioyntenants with
the Holy Ghoſt,
If they to any ſhould his Tem-
ple giue.
Vp, vp, for in that ſquadron
there doth liue
Shee, who hath carried thether,
new degrees

(As

Shee coynd, in this, that her im-
preſſions gaue
To all our actions all the worth
they haue:
Shee gaue protections; the
thoughts of her breſt
Satans rude Officers could nere
arreſt.
As theſe prerogatiues being met
in one,
Made her a ſoueraigne ſtate, re-
ligion
Made her a Church; and theſe
two made her all.
Shee who was all this All, and
could not fall
To worſe, by company; (for ſhe
was ſtill
More Antidote, then all the
world was ill,
Shee, ſhee doth leaue it, and by
Death, ſuruiue

All

(As to their number) to their
dignitees.
Shee, who beeing to her ſelfe, a
ſtate enioyd
All royalties which any ſtate
emploid,
For ſhee made wars, and tri-
umph'd, reaſon ſtill
Did not ouerthrow, but rectifie
her will:
And ſhee made peace, for no
peace is like this,
That beauty and chaſtity toge-
ther kiſſe:
Shee did high iuſtice; for ſhee
crucified
Euery firſt motion of rebellious
pride:
And ſhee gaue pardons, and was
liberall,
For, onely her ſelfe except, ſhee
pardond all:

Shee

All this, in Heauen; whether who doth not ſtriue
The more, becauſe ſhee's there, he doth not know
That accidentall ioyes in Heauen doe grow.

Of eſſentiall ioy in this life and in the next.

But pauſe, My ſoule, and ſtudy ere thou fall
On accidentall ioyes, th'eſſentiall.
Still before Acceſſories doe abide
A triall, muſt the principall be tride.
And what eſſentiall ioy canſt thou expect
Here vpon earth? what permanent effect
Of tranſitory cauſes? Doſt thou loue
Beauty? (And Beauty worthy'ſt is to moue)

Poore

Poore couſe'ned coſe'nor, that
ſhe, and that thou,
Which did begin to loue, are
neither now.
You are both fluid, chang'd
ſince yeſterday;
Next day repaires, (but ill) laſt
dayes decay.
Nor are, (Although the riuer
keepe the name)
Yeſterdayes waters, and to daies
the ſame.
So flowes her face, & thine eies,
neither now
That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which
your louing row
Concernd, remaines, but whil'ſt
you thinke you bee
Conſtant, you'are hourely in in-
conſtancee.
Honour may haue pretence vn-
to our loue,

Be-

Becauſe that God did liue ſo
long aboue
Without this Honour, and then
lou'd it ſo,
That he at laſt made Creatures
to beſtow
Honour on him; not that he nee-
ded it,
But that, to his hands, man might
grow more fit.
But ſince all honours from infe-
riours flow,
(For they doe giue it; Princes
doe but ſhow
Whom they would haue ſo ho-
nord) and that this
On ſuch opinions, and capaci-
ties
Is built, as riſe, and fall, to more
and leſſe,
Alas, tis but a caſuall happi-
neſſe.

Hath

Hath euer any man to'himſelfe aſsigned
This or that happineſſe, to'arreſt his minde,
But that another man, which takes a worſe,
Thinke him a foole for hauing tane that courſe?
They who did labour Babels tower to'erect,
Might haue conſidered, that for that effect,
All this whole ſolid Earth could not allow
Nor furniſh forth Materials enow;
And that his Center, to raiſe ſuch a place
Was farre too little, to haue beene the Baſe;
No more affoords this worlds, foundatione

To erect true ioye, were all the
meanes in one.
But as the Heathen made them
ſeuerall gods,
Of all Gods Benefits, and all his
Rods,
(For as the Wine, and Corne,
and Onions are
Gods vnto them, ſo Agues bee,
and warre)
And as by changing that whole
precious Gold
To ſuch ſmall copper coynes,
they loſt the old,
And loſt their onely God, who
euer muſt
Be ſought alone, and not in ſuch
a thruſt,
So much mankind true happi-
neſſe miſtakes;
No Ioye enioyes that man, that
many makes.

Then,

Then, ſoule, to thy firſt pitch
worke vpon againe;
Know that all lines which cir-
cles doe containe,
For once that they the Center
touch, doe touch
Twice the circumference; and
be thou ſuch.
Double on heauen, thy thoughts
on earth emploid;
All will not ſerue; Onely who
haue enioyd
The ſight of God, in fulneſſe,
can thinke it;
For it is both the obiect, and the
wit.
This is eſſentiall ioye, where nei-
ther hee
Can ſuffer Diminution, nor
wee;
Tis ſuch a full, and ſuch a filling
good;

Had th'Angels once look'd on
him, they had ſtood.
To fill the place of one of them,
or more,
Shee whom we celebrate, is
gone before.
Shee, who had Here ſo much
eſſentiall ioy.
As no chance could diſtract,
much leſſe deſtroy;
Who with Gods preſence was
acquainted ſo,
(Hearing, and ſpeaking to him)
as to know
His face, in any naturall Stone,
or Tree,
Better then when in Images they
bee:
Who kept by diligent deuo-
tion,
Gods Image, in ſuch repara-
tion,

Within her heart, that what de-
cay was growen,
Was her firſt Parents fault, and
not her own:
Who being ſolicited to any
Act,
Still heard God pleading his ſafe
precontract;
Who by a faithfull confidence,
was here
Betrothed to God, and now is
married there,
Whoſe twilights were more
cleare, then our mid-day,
Who dreamt deuoutlier, then
moſt vſe to pray;
Who being here fild with grace,
yet ſtroue to bee,
Both where more grace, & more
capacitee
At once is giuen: ſhe to Heauen
is gone,

Who made this world in ſome proportion
A heauen, and here, became vnto vs all,
Ioye, (as our ioyes admit) eſſentiall.
Of accidentall ioyes in both places.
But could this low world ioyes eſſentiall touch,
Heauens accidentall ioies would paſſe them much.
How poore and lame, muſt then our caſuall bee?
If thy Prince will his ſubiects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe ſwell thee, thou art than,
By being a greater, growen to be leſſe Man,
When no Phyſician of Reders can ſpeake,
A ioyfull caſuall violence may breake

A dangerous Apoſtem in thy
breſt;
And whilſt thou ioyeſt in this,
the dangerous reſt,
The bag may riſe vp, and ſo
ſtrangle thee.
What eye was caſuall, may euer
bee.
What ſhould the Nature
change? Or make the ſame
Cer a ne, which was but caſuall,
when it came?
All caſuall ioye doth loud and
plainly ſay,
Onely by comming, that it can
away.
Onely in Heauen ioies ſtrength
is neuer ſpent;
And accidentall things are per-
manent.
Ioy of a ſoules arriuall neere de-
caies;

For that ſoule euer ioyes & euer ſtaies.
Ioy that their laſt great Conſummation
Approches in the reſurrection;
When earthly bodies more celeſtiall
Shalbe, then Angels were, for they could fall;
This kind of ioy doth euery day admit
Degrees of grouth, but none of looſing it.
In this freſh ioy, tis no ſmall part, that ſhee,
Shee, in whoſe goodneſſe, he that names degree,
Doth iniure her; (Tis loſſe to be cald beſt,
There where the ſtuffe is not ſuch as the reſt)

Shee,

Shee, who left ſuch a body, as euen ſhee
Onely in Heauen could learne, how it can bee
Made better; for ſhee rather was two ſoules,
Or like to full, on both ſides written Rols,
Where eies might read vpon the outward skin,
As ſtrong Records for God, as mindes within,
Shee, who by making full perfection grow,
Peeces a Circle, and ſtill keepes it ſo,
Long'd for, and longing for'it, to heauen is gon,
Where ſhee receiues, and giues addition.
Here in a place, where miſ-deuotion frames *Conclusion.*

A thouſand praiers to Saints, whoſe very names
The ancient Church knew not, Heauen knowes not yet,
And where, what lawes of Poetry admit,
Lawes of Religion, haue at leaſt the ſame,
Immortall Maid, I might inroque thy name.
Could any Saint prouoke that appetite,
Thou here ſhouldſt make mee a french conuertite.
But thou wouldſt not; nor wouldſt thou be content,
To take this, for my ſecond yeeres true Rent,
Did this Coine beare any other ſtampe, then his,
That gaue thee power to doe me, to ſay this.

Since

Since his will is, that to poſte-
ritee,
Thou ſhouldeſt for life, & death,
a patterne bee,
And that the world ſhould no-
tice haue of this,
The purpoſe, and th'Authority
is his;
Thou art the Proclamation; and
I ame
The Trumpet, at whoſe voice
the people came.

FINIS.

TEXAS WOMAN'S UNIVERSITY

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